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PAX REDUX:

A

PINDARICK ODE

ON THE

Return of His *MAJESTY,*

AND THE

Happy Conclusion

OF THE

PEACE.

By *SAMUEL COBB.*

Clauduntur Belli portæ. Furor impius intus
Sæva ſedens ſuper arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
Poſt tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

Virg. Æneid. Lib. I.

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PAX REDUX:

A

PINDARICK ODE

ON THE

Return of His MAJESTY, *and the happy Concluſion of the* PEACE.

I.

NOW may the gentle Muſe ſecurely come
From long Exile, and her known Bard inſpire:
'Tis juſt to tune the Peaceful Lyre,
When Warlike Harmony is dumb.
Ceaſe, Sacred Goddeſs, to deplore
Th' injurious Malice of a tedious War:
No more its noiſy Thunder dread:
Its impious Lightning ſhall no more
Blaſt the chaſte Laurel on thy Head.
No Mother now ſhall beat her Breaſt, and tear
Her hoary injur'd Hair;
Nor ſhall the Maid with Female cries,
For her loſt Lover, wound the ſuffering Air,
Or thicken it with Sighs.

II.

WAR, curs'd by Parents, leaves the Tented Field,
Unbuckles his bright Helmet, and, to reſt
His weary Limbs, ſits on his idle Shield,
With Scars of Honour plough'd upon his Breaſt:
Sternly he looks behind, and in amaze
Starts, when he views the Shining Bands
Of PEACE with Olive in their hands:
He ſcours along the Plain to ſhun their killing Blaze,
That Angel, whoſe great Charge it is to keep

Poor, Thinking Matter from the Cruelties of Hell,
Darts the curſt Fiend down to his Native Deep;
Down the dark Hills he falls, unfathomably ſteep,
A long Eternity to dwell.
There gaſh'd with Wounds of Glory to retire:
For though the Fury takes delight
In Anger, Thunder, and in Fire,
PEACE Stabs him with a Smile, and Smothers him with Light.

III.

Wondrous! what ſomething more than Great
Is this, that ſeems to animate
The very Soul, and ſpread
Its gathering Off-ſpring o'er Man's curious World, the Head?
Deep Myſtery! Lo, from its ſeeds ariſe
Gigantick ſenſe, whoſe Language flies
High as the Top of Heav'n, and ſhines above the Skies.
When Thou, whate'er Thou art, ſuch Notions didſt infuſe,
Sure the wiſe Heathens did thy Name abuſe,
To put Thee off with that mean Title of a MUSE.
'Tis true, that when they ſaw thy Powers Divine
So variouſly diſpers'd, ſo prodigally Shine,
They thought Thee more than *One*, and ſplit Thee into *Nine*.
Each individual Part of thy vaſt Influence,
May warm an incapacious Soul to Senſe,
Enough to lift his Shining Name
In the ſecond Roll of Fame:
But here muſt all thy Army throng,
Here thy Collected Self muſt meet to frame
The brave *Pindarick Song*.

IV.

Come then, with all thy Trappings, all thy Train
Of Raptures, and of Ecſtaſies,
Of Figures, and of Myſteries
Conceal'd from vulgar Eyes:
Come, and thy Prieſt ordain
To touch thy fires, and talk in thy Majeſtick Strain.
Say whom of all th' Heroick Race
Wilt Thou with *Pelides* place?

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtabliſh'd Victories rehearſe?
To whoſe immortal Fame
Wilt Thou erect a Temple, and ingrave his *NAME*
On maſſy Monuments of Verſe?
Of all the fam'd *NASSOVIAN* Line
(That is, of all the God-like and Divine)
None equal to Great *WILLIAM* ſhine.
God's chief Vicegerent, who by Secret Springs would ſhow
How he ſhould ſcourge the boldeſt Foe,
Commiſſion'd, like a *Moſes*, to releaſe
Thee, *England*, from thy tedious *Nine Years Miſeries*,
And ſooth the Rebel World with the ſweet charms of *Peace*.
How he perſuades the moody People to prevent
Their future and tremendous Puniſhment,
E'er the Laſt Plague, to ſlay their Firſt born Male, be ſent!
For though He's gentle as the ſofteſt Muſe,
And more unharmful than a galleſs Dove;
Yet none but ſturdy *Tyrants* he ſubdues,
And wins the Suppliant with Love.
So Heav'nly Lightning does it's force conceal,
It's Vertue, hardeſt Matters feel,
It ſpares the Scabbard while it melts the Steel.

V.

'Tis ſweet, paſt labours to renew,
And in the Memory repeat
What to the Eye was formidably Great.
To think how *WILLIAM*, like an Eagle, flew,
And in his Talons graſp'd whate'er did lye
Within the Compaſs of his Eye.
How would he ſometimes like a Whirlwind, play,
And ſweep whole Groves of Men away!
Sometimes, like *Hannibal*, o'er rugged Hills he paſt,
His glorious way o'er *Alpes* of ſlain he led,
O'er Mountains, which himſelf had caſt,
And clomb the *Pyreneans* of the Dead.
Sometimes he flow'd like the luxuriant Main
That with impetuous Tide,
Immeaſurably deep and wide,
Stretches his liquid Volumes o'er the delug'd Plain.
Yet though this wondrous Ocean can diſplay
His Conqueſts to the Cradle of the Day;

Though when he pleaſes to be great,
He ſhoulders Kingdoms from their Seat:
Though other Nations he deface,
He claſps fair *Albion* with a kind embrace,
And with incircling arms defends her Generous Race.

VI.

The Venerable Thunderer of old
Left his *Olympian* Seat,
(When he intended to behold
Important Battles, or diſpoſe
The ballanc'd Fate of Kings,) and choſe
Thee, Springy *Ida*, for his bleſt Retreat.
Though the capacious Worlds above
Were all too narrow for extended *Jove*,
Coop'd in this inch of Land
The crowded Immortality would ſtand,
Here, on the Grand Concerns of Fate,
The ſtinted Godhead to debate
Himſelf a *Conſiſtory* ſate.

VII.

Nor can the ſtreights of the commanded Main,
Nor can this Handful of a World contain
WILLIAM's immortal Soul,
That moves this Lump, like *Jove*, and mingles with the Whole;
Yet *Britain* is his Dwelling: Here his Chariot's plac'd,
Here are his Altars, and his Temples rais'd.
Fair *Britany*! the beauteous Eye
That does the Globe with Light ſupply:
The Head, where *William* takes delight
To teach the *Belgick* Hands to fight,
And *Gallick* Feet to fly.

VIII.

O Glory! how he rears his lofty Head
Above the fabled Monarchs of the Sky,
The Counterfeits of an ill faſhion'd Deity:
The gilded Titles of the Flatter'd Dead,
Whom Poets, when they lack'd a God, would frame,
Beſaint ſome Emperour's anointed Name,
Embalm his worth, and canonize his fame.

But

But *Britain*'s King laughs at the gaudy ſhow;
The glorious Off-Spring of the Fam'd *NASSAWS*
Scorns all the Voices and Applauſe,
But that which Gods and Heav'n beſtow.
Whence from Thrones of ſolid Gold
His Smiling Anceſtors behold
His glorious Toils below.
Thus they Triumphant grew,
Thus they did equal ſteps purſue,
Till up to lofty Honour's *Airy* Top they flew.
Unchriſtian Kings with whom they did ingage,
And Turkiſh Captains wept their rage.
While the ſoft Feathers of the downy Snow
Serv'd for a Bed and Pillow too.
In cold, in fields, in froſt they often lay,
And long to Heav'n beat out their ſtubborn way,
And long they drudg'd, and labour'd for the Glorious Day.

IX.

William alone was left behind
To bleſs the reſt of Human kind:
His budding Years with ripen'd Valour ſhone,
He had his Fathers Vertues, and his Own.
When in his Cradle the bleſt Infant lay,
And ſacred Smiles omen'd th' Auſpicious Day,
Which to th' aſtoniſh'd World ſhould a *Naſſaw* convey.
Nature, and *Michael* nobleſt of th' Angelick Kind,
Did their united Forces joyn
In compoſition of his Mind
To make it almoſt perfect, and almoſt divine.

X.

As when ſome Pilot would new Worlds explore,
He ſearches every Land and Shore,
And to his Chard would add ſome Port unknown before.
He ſtrikes his untir'd Bark o'er *Indian* Waves,
Where with rich Sand th' exundant Rivers flow,
Where Pearls from ripen'd Dew-drops grow,
And yellow Metal Suns the hollow Caves:
Or elſe his Keel the wintry foam does ſweep,
Where Cold benums the Horrid Deep.
Fain would he croſs the Frozen Sea,
Touch the laſt Minute of the laſt Degree:

So

So Nature, when ſhe fram'd him, was at vaſt expence
To find out a new World of Senſe.
Her pureſt Notions in his Head ſhe blew,
Her beſt Ingredients on his Heart ſhe threw:
But when at laſt ſhe could no farther go,
When ſhe had gave him Reaſon, Senſe and Thought,
And was to her laſt *Thule* brought,
She pin'd, becauſe her Map could no freſh Notions ſhow.

XI.

Michael, (for Angels often come on Earth,
Are often buiſy at a Heroe's Birth)
Took the Fine Piece, by Heav'ns Command,
Which Nature with imperfect Art had dreſt,
And with a well-directed Hand
He pencil'd out the reſt.
Strong his expreſſion, and his ſtyle divine,
Eternal Senſe was couch'd in every Line:
No rough, ill ſhaded ſtroke did ſully the Deſign.
Religion in the Centre of his Heart he drew,
(His Heart was temper'd with Celeſtial Dew)
Whil'ſt Valour, Bravery around her plac'd,
Like Guards, the lovely Virgin grac'd.
Then all the Vertues in juſt order ran,
Then all the parts began
To faſhion out the finiſh'd Man.

XII.

Wiſe Nature did aſtoniſh'd look,
Such ſteps and ſtrides his thriving Courage took,
And all her lazy Rules forſook.
Maturely Valiant in his Infancy,
He left behind the common ſpan,
Out-leap'd the vulgar bounds of Man,
Broke from the crackling ſhell, and ſtrait began to fly.
So Unaccountable Eternity above
With no reſpect to time does in a conſtant Circle move.
E'er Age had breath'd upon his Wings, he flew,
And vaſtly, very vaſtly grew.
Strange, and to all the Calendars of Time unknown!
For e'er the circling and laborious Sun
Had meaſur'd twice five years, he run
The Race of *Alexander*, and began his Own.

XIII.

XIII.

His Own was wonderful and great,
At *Mons* he ran upon the mouth of Fate,
And from War's Deluge sav'd a sinking State.
In Him, as in the Heav'n commanded Ark,
The Families of *Holland* did imbark.
How did They meet Him with exalted praise?
What Elogies they sung? What Statues did they raise?
But yet they could not think Him fit
At the grave Council-board to sit,
Imputing Courage to a Youthful heat.
But when they read the Volumes of his Mind,
(Vast Tomes!) and Search'd the Closets of his Brain,
What endless Sums of Wisdom did they find?
What untouch'd Heaps of Prudence did his Head contain?
The bearded Seniors wondred to behold
A Prince, who had few Summers told,
Young without rashness, without dotage Old.

XIV.

To wait on his green fame, with a becoming Pride,
Holland's foreseeing Doctors did aspire,
(Who with much toil and sweat acquire,
What niggard Nature has deny'd.)
These the mis-judging World his Masters thought,
But they knew better, and with justice styl'd
Themselves the Scholars to the Royal Child,
Ambitious not to teach, but to be taught.
For though no Venerable strokes were seen
To Silver his white Temples, or adorn his Chin,
His Tokens of Experience lay within.
Whether his pre-existing Soul
By his blest Ancestors above was taught,
From whence his Sacred Schemes were brought
To modell Kingdoms, and the World controul.
Or whether he, like *Adam*, at a view
The Universe and Nature knew.
His Learning was more perfect and divine,
How faithfully, how strongly was it knit!
The Tempter view'd and envy'd it,
He saw the Sceptred Knowledge with the Mitred joyn.

XV.

So, bleſt Religion, teach us to adore,
Like Him, thy Venerable Power;
Direct our erring Feet, and we ſhall ask no more:
In vain we tempt Thee with a daring Flight,
Thy Streams o'erflow our violated ſight,
And drown our watring Eyes with flouds of glaring Light.
The Plummet and the Line of Reaſon are too weak
To fathom the deep bottom of thy Rays:
The Plummet will diſſolve away,
And the ſcorch'd Line will break
At thy myſterious blaze,
In ſuch a burning Sea of Day.

XVI.

IO, Triumphant *William*, come,
Supported on the downy wings of PEACE,
Bid the loud Thunder of the Drum
And the ſhrill Trumpet ceaſe.
O War, be ſtill, and ye rough People ſleep,
Lay your ſtrip'd Arms upon the Floor,
Thee, *Mars*, a hundred Chains ſhall keep,
William ſhall lock the Brazen Door,
And let the rattling hinges creak no more
To fright the Sailor on the Deep,
Or echo on the Shore.
O'er ſilent Armour ſhall yok'd Fury ſit,
Steel Fetters on her hands, and Shackles on her Feet:
No more let looſe through the tam'd World to roam;
How will the cruel Goddeſs ſpit,
And from her Bloody Noſtrils ſnort the ſcatter'd foam.

XVII.

War, like a Rain, has only laid the Pride
Of mortal Duſt, until the Sun appear,
And bring his chearful Army on our ſide,
PEACE Marching in the Front, and PLENTY in the Rear.
Plenty, which like a ſlighted Miſtreſs lay
Forſaken long, and ſhut from every Door,
Returns at laſt more beautiful and gay,
Like *Jove*, deſcending in a Golden Showre.
Abſence alone enhanceth much the Price
Of Things, which preſent we deſpiſe.
Hence, Evil Fate, with all thy hated Train,
No more to curſe our Sacred Iſle again.

To

To distant barren Climes let Want repair,
Nor longer hover in the *British* Air,
But in some Desart soil
Build her curst Nest, and damn th' unthriving Ploughman's toil.
Safe shall the Merchant travel on the Deep,
All the wide Ocean shall one Harbour be,
Each Ship, a Warehouse, it's own wealth shall keep,
Safe as the first brave Man's who try'd the Sea,
When God himself ingag'd for his Security.
But though our swelling Flood is past,
Another, yet a milder, Deluge grows,
While Heav'n is doubly kind at last,
And only now in Goodness overflows.

XVIII.

Breath, ye soft *Zephyrs*, on the sailing Fleet,
And waft it gently to the gainful shore,
Whose Cannon, hostile now no more,
In harmless Thunder shall it's welcome greet.
And, while their Keels the foamy wave shall plow,
The Voices of the Multitude combin'd
Shall form a favourable Wind,
And smooth the surly Ocean's Brow.
The bridled North no more shall scour the Main,
No more shall battle in th' afflicted Air,
While *British* Trees move on the Liquid Plain,
And in their bellies the World's Treasure bear.
They come; I see the sails of hollow'd Oaks
Wave their Red Crosses o'er the furrow'd Seas,
A gentle Gale their swelling wings provokes,
And curls the surface of the watry Wilderness.
Lo! on the back of subject *Thames* they ride,
Some clotted Gold in yellow Vomits pour,
Some disembogue the Silver ore,
Some born upon a prosp'rous Tide
With *Ceilon* spices load the wealthy shore,
And *Persian* Silks t' adorn the beauteous Lady's Pride.

XIX.

But where, O where, shall our desiring Eye
Behold the noble animating Fleet?
Hence, inauspicious Clouds, and clear the smiling Sky
To let it pass securely by
'Tis stor'd with Man's chief blessing Wine and Wit,
Let no unthinking Tempest toss or justle it.

Fair

Fair God of Light ſhine on the way, and be
A Taper to direct it o'er the Sea:
On the Fair Pomp Thou art oblig'd to wait;
For though Thou didſt the Grape create,
The Grape inſpir'd the *Bard*, and he created Thee;
To build a Poet, Noble and Divine,
Nature and Love at firſt did joyn:
Nature the *Baſis* laid, and Love
The ſtately Fabrick did improve;
But none could raiſe the Spire without the help of Wine.

XX.

And now be happy, Everlaſting Iſle,
When other Kingdoms round thee ſhall expire,
Devour'd by the laſt Univerſal Fire.
Riſe thou above the Top, and Crown the Funeral Pile;
Or elſe (for 'tis a pity Thou ſhouldſt fall)
Be chang'd, as then our Bodies ſhall.
May *Jove* tranſlate Thee to ſome happy Walk,
Strow ſweet unfading Roſes on the Ground,
The beſt that can in Heaven be found:
Worthy where Gods may tread, where tuneful Saints may Talk:
Thee, Chymick Angels ſhall refine
To the pure Sterling of fair *Eden*'s Coyn;
Lop Thee, and prune Thee ſo,
Till Canoniz'd Thou ſhalt a Garden grow,
And with Immortal harmleſs Apples ſhine.
There ſhall brave *William* and *Achilles* ſit
Under thy Golden Shade,
For none but Warlike *Heroes* made,
Their Bloody Labours to repeat:
There ſhall he taſtful *Manna* eat;
There ſhall He reap the Harveſt of Eternity:
Eternity! his juſt reward,
Not owing to the dreaming Bard,
But gain'd by works of Arms and ſolid Piety.

FINIS.